

# Ladies' LITERARY Museum



## ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

(Continued.)

We are taught by his conduct that unbounded confidence in his own virtue, by blinding the mind as to the real consequences which result, lays the foundation of vice, and opens an easy road to great excesses. These are striking impressive lessons, well calculated to atone for some errors of judgment in a youth, and I bestow on it my most unqualified admiration! Had none but books of such acknowledged genius appeared, I should not have been summoned from my drear abode; but when we became inundated with Grasville Abbeys, Tombs, and Huberts de Sevrac, it is high time to recal the age of nature in her *simple* garb, of Fielding and Tom Jones. Sign this parchment, and henceforth you shall spend your days in a well chosen library, chiefly consisting of works descriptive of the manners, living as they rise, and when I say, that in it no works of pure *imagination* will be found but those of sufficient *genius*, to atone for the irregularities generally attendant on that quality, I need not add, that *they* will be *sparingly* admitted! Dob was silent; he knew not what to answer. The fiend saw that his resolution was shaken. He worked so powerfully on Mr. Dob's despair and fears, that he prevailed upon him to receive the parchment. He then struck the iron pen into a vein of Dob's left hand; it was instantly filled with blood: the paper was put into his hand, the parchment was placed before him, and he prepared to sign it. Suddenly he started away hastily, and threw the pen upon the ground. 'What am I doing!' he cried. Then turning to the fiend with a desperate air, 'Leave me! begone! I will not sign the parchment.' 'Fool!' exclaimed the disappointed daemon, 'thus am I trifled with? Go then! rave in agonies, expire in tortures. But beware how

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you make me again your mock; summon me a second time to dismiss me thus idly, and I will oblige you to read a whole chapter of the 'second volume of Cœlebs.' Speak yet again; will you sign the parchment?' 'I will not; leave me! away!' At that instant the clock struck five. As he listened to the first stroke, the blood ceased to circulate in our hero's veins. He heard death and torture murmured in each succeeding sound. He expected to see the *robbers* enter his prison; their footsteps were heard approaching, the sound encouraged Mr. Dob in his resolution. 'What is the import of this writing,' said he. 'It binds you, never, as long as you live, to look into an English *romance* properly so called, nor into any English novels, excepting those of Fielding, Smollet, and Miss Edgeworth; Waverly, and others of the same author; Sketches of Character, and Pride and Prejudice, with others by the same author.' 'What am I to receive in exchange?' 'My protection and release from this dungeon: sign it and this instant I bear you away.' Dob took up the pen; he set it to the parchment; again his courage failed him: he felt a pang of terror at his heart, and he once more threw the pen upon the ground. 'Weak and puerile!' cried the exasperated fiend; 'away with this folly! sign the writing this instant, or I'll fly in search of Cœlebs.' At this moment the bolt of the outward door was drawn back, the prisoner heard the rattling of chains; the heavy bar fell; the robbers were on the point of entering. Worked up to phrenzy by the urgent danger, shrinking from the approach of death, terrified by the daemon's threats, and seeing no other means to escape destruction, the wretched man complied. He signed the fatal contract, and gave it hastily into the evil spirit's hands, whose eyes, as he received the gift, glared with malicious rapture. 'Take it! (cried Mr. Dob,) now

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then save me! snatch me! from hence!" "Hold! you freely and absolutely renounce your Grasville Abbey, Hubert de Sevrac, Celestine, Mysteries of Udolpho, The Monk, Sicilian Romance, The Tomb, Romance of the Forest, The Italian; in a word, do you renounce all romances, past, present, and to come, which may contain spectres, ruins, old castles, banditti, concealed doors, daggers crusted with blood, and, above all, a tower bearing the name of even one of the *subdivisions* of the four cardinal points?" "I do! I do! forever! forever! without reserve or subterfuge." The last chain fell from the door of the prison; the key was heard turning in the lock; already the iron door grated heavily upon its rusty hinges. "I will agree to whatever you please; I will even read the whole of the Countess and Gertrude, if you insist upon it!" cried Mr. Dob, wild with terror. "Hark! hark! they come! oh! save me! bear me away! but first, let it be understood between us, that you will not stick your talons into my crown, and that you will not carry me above Sierra Morena; but to my own estate near Paris, which I wish I never had left: consider a little, my crown is not shaven like Ambrosio's, nor am I a 'prior of Dominicans,' nor have I committed murder. I never was a model of piety—I never placed my virtues on a level with those of angels; I am not an abandoned hypocrite; nor was I ever the lover of Matilda, who was first a Dominican novice, and then, in regular gradation, woman, sorceress, and finally devil, just like you." The spirit could not repress a smile; he caught Mr. Dob in his arms; and sprang with him thro the roof.

#### CHAP. IX.

Supported by his infernal guide, Dob rose in the air; and, placing his hands over his eyes, he held them so tightly covered, that he absolutely saw *nothing*. After the lapse of a few seconds the daemon released him, placed him on his feet, and said, "Look around!" It was with some repugnance that he at length obeyed; when, judge of his surprise, on finding himself in a magnificent saloon, resplendent on all sides with gold. Columns of white marble supported by a dome, ornamented by the finest sculpture, above which was formed a gallery for musicians. Four-and twenty lustres, of rock crystal, suspended between the pillars, containing innumerable lights, threw over this palace the light of day.<sup>1</sup> "By the stileto of Schedoni," which was more useful to him than a dozen guns, cried Mr. Dob, "I am in the palace of a fairy, or of the sinner, Don Carlos, son of Phillip II. king of Spain."<sup>2</sup> In the apartment were about fifty young people, of different ages and sizes, among

whom Mr. Dob recognised Dubert and Roger! He scarcely dared to trust his senses; he looked wildly around him. "What!" at length he exclaimed, "can my dear son be in hell?" "Yes, indeed," replied Dubert in a serious tone, "and this is the devil, who is especially commissioned to torment him;" pointing to a lovely young woman, whose hand was held by Roger. With a mixture of pleasure and surprise, Dob recognised the figure of the south-western tower. "I don't believe, (said he,) that Matilda was prettier, even with her exquisite proportion of features, her profusion of golden hair, her rosy lips, heavenly eyes, and majesty of countenance;<sup>3</sup> and tho she played the harp to perfection, I suspect the citizeness before me has a finer voice, and plays better on the lute. But, among all these daemons, I don't see any thing of the one who flew away with me." "He is," answered Dubert, laughing, "with the spirits and other wonderful things you have seen. And now you only want *explanation*, proving all these wonders to have been the simplest things imaginable, in order to be a real *hero* of an English romance." "What!" cried Mr. Dob, in a burst of joy, "has all this been prepared on purpose for me? Ah! you did sometimes frighten me finely it's true; but this gives me still more pleasure. Hasten, dear Dubert, hasten to *clear up* all."

"Readily," replied the young man; "and the more so, as I fear we may have carried our pleasantry rather too far." "Too far!" cried Dob; "it is *impossible* to carry any thing *too far* for an English romance! There is even one thing wanting; you, who are now going to explain matters, ought properly to be at the point of death, or at least in extreme danger; like Vincent, or the marquis de Mazzini,<sup>4</sup> like lord Chatham,<sup>5</sup> like signora Laurentini<sup>6</sup> like Rouborn,<sup>7</sup> like Rasoni,<sup>8</sup> like Julia, <sup>9</sup> like Schedoni,<sup>10</sup> like——" "Oh, pray, (interrupted Dubert,) spare me *this* exactness; it would be carrying things farther than I have any taste for: so pray let me live, and let me come to."

#### THE LAST CHAPTER.

"On my arrival at your *chateau*" continued Dubert, (with the important tone and manner suited to a personage who is relating the story which is to develope all the plots and counterplots of a romance,) "the avidity with which you perused the works, which I introduced to your notice, suggested to my mind a project, which, in amusing you in your favorite style, might ultimately tend to benefit my poor friend Roger, whose life was rendered miserable by your severity. I communicated my plan to him, which he at first strongly op-

posed, and to which I believe nothing but the certainty of obtaining the hand of his beloved Ursula could have induced him to consent.' 'Degenerate boy!' exclaimed Dob, with some little displeasure, addressing his son, 'how! were you not delighted at seeing the name of your father figure with those of Montoni, of Alfred, of Hubert de Sevrac, and Co.? Am I not forever celebrated? I, who have passed a night in the south-western tower? I, who have encountered robbers, spectres, monks, &c. &c. &c.?' 'I formed the plan of my romance, (continued Dubert;) and an adventure, which occurred to you in your youthful days, supplied me with an interesting opening; which you know has, from time immemorial, been a person or persons dead some time before. This essential point once established, I next sought a theatre whereon to play the scenes which I had schemed, and actors to perform them. I recalled to mind that about a league from your house was a monastery, which the revolutionists had half demolished, very well calculated to officiate as a ruined castle; and I hastily added whatever might be wanting to complete its appearance in character. My performers were these young gentlemen of the military college in our vicinity, and I must here beg leave thus publicly to return my thanks to them, for the very able, active, and judicious manner in which they have seconded me! When all was prepared we set to work. On the night which was fixed for our performance, I began by suggesting to your mind the most gloomy ideas. It was agreed that Roger, who would not be a party concerned, should counterfeit sleep. A dial plate, placed opposite to me, and which exactly agreed with the clock of the chateau, apprised me of the moment when the hour of ten was to strike. I made the signal agreed on, and the shade of the chevalier de Germeuil (alias this young citizen whom I have the honor to present to you) issued from a cabinet behind you, his face well rubbed with flour, and over him a white sheet well spotted with red ink; two ingredients which we often found very useful. The apparition was only visible to you, and sunk thro a trap-door, made exactly after those of Grasville Abbey and Celestina.' 'Ah, citizen,' exclaimed Mr. Dob, rising with emotion, addressing the young man whom Dubert had pointed out, 'permit me to embrace you. You performed your part to admiration. No ghost could have done it better!'

'The wine which I had previously given you to drink, (continued Mr. Dubert,) contained a 'soporific powder;' which made it easy for us to convey you, without your knowledge, into the great hall

monastery, where our grand operations were to commence.'

'I was the sepulchral voice,' said one of the young men, advancing a few steps; 'I spoke thro a trumpet; and hope I alarmed you properly.' 'Indeed,' cried Mr. Dob, transported with pleasure, 'you rivalled mons. Dupont himself!' 'And I,' cried a little arch-looking wag, 'was the light which wandered about the cloisters. I tied a lantern to my back; I gamboled among the pillars; and, when I turned my face towards you, the light disappeared.' 'Several of these gentlemen, (continued Dubert,) acted as *groaners sighers*, and *shades*; opening and shutting doors as occasion required, and sometimes hiding behind them. On reaching the cell of the monk, you found the citizen whom I now present to you, who had, for some time, recited the same prayer, in order that you might be sure to catch some words which should enflame your imagination. When he ended, he bestowed some hard strokes upon a bladder filled with wind, which was hidden under the altar.' 'And I, (cried Dob,) was so tender-hearted as to pity the reverend father, that every stroke his breast bone must give way! By the bye, how did you contrive that I should find my hands and garments suddenly covered with blood?'

'That was not difficult: You remember, without doubt, the long corridor where the light vanished, in order to oblige you to feel your way; and the walls being covered with red ink, your unknowingly assisted our project. After relating to you his history, the hermit conducted you to the chapel, where all was ready for your reception. The decayed candelabras, the worm-eaten books, the broken ornaments, were like the ruins in our fashionable English gardens, all new articles, which it cost us great trouble to make look antique. The sword of St. Michael fell on the book at which you were looking, because your companion pulled, without your perceiving it, a small string which kept it up. You entered the church; the bells, which struck on your ear, were attached to an electrifying machine, which I managed, and with which the friar communicated, by means of a conduc or held in his hand, and which made his hair rise in the *appalling* manner you witnessed. The sudden illumination was admirably managed by means of several little citizens, who were placed behind the statues. On a given signal they all, with one accord, took off from the lamps the shades of tin, which till then had covered the lights: in like manner they re-covered them when necessary. As for the altars which shook, the images which groaned



and bowed their heads, the abbot of Palermo 10 had obligingly accommodated us with his methods. The apparitions were the ci-devant 'door shutters, groomers, and sighers,' who had changed their decorations. The organist was our charming Ursula, whose taste on the piano is equal to that on the lute. Our friar then made you leave the church, in order to bring you to the building where our finest scenes were to be performed: he found much difficulty in this, and, but for the thunder . . . . . But the thunder *was real*, and . . . . . and we took advantage of it, that's all. Heaven was so good as to assist us, as it did father Peter. It was with some difficulty you gained resolution to go up the staircase stained with the blood of a young citizen, who had lately cut his finger. At length you reached the chamber hung with black. We had foreseen your wish to escape, and prevented it, by shutting behind you an iron grating. The short period of your absence was sufficient for the figure, which you had seen on the state bed, to slip thro a door concealed by the tapestry into another apartment. You penetrated to the saloon, and'——'Ah! tell me, how did you contrive what I saw behind the curtain in the niche of the saloon? I yet can scarcely believe that it was not reality.' 'Not so fast; that is precisely what must be left to the last part of our explanation—let us do all according to rule. The portraits, which were suspended, we had found in a lumber-room of your own chateau; that of Ursula (in whose favor we wished to interest you) was painted by herself. The change of portraits was effected while you went in search of the chair; a spring brought forward the one, which was concealed in the wall, over the other. It was again Ursula who showed herself to you, and who escaped into the room contiguous; while you, adhering faithfully to your models, fainted away. The crash of armor was produced by the overthrow of a whole kitchen range. Your old friends, the former *figurantes*, were again employed to appear before you in procession, exclaiming, 'Just heaven! it is himself!' You had been too much amused by the procession in the Tomb, for us to omit indulging you with the representation. This young citizen delivered to you, from the discharge of the pistol, the small key of the cabinet; we had not learnt any fashion less worn out, or more extraordinary, than that. The letters were written by Ursula; it was she who again addressed you, and who stood by the bed, after the gentleman, who personated the president, had raised the curtains. The figure, which you saw in a mirror, was only a young citizen shut in a glass case: he raised a curtain

when he wished to appear, and dropped it when his part was performed.' 'Nothing more easy! (said Dob.) As easily contrived as an English romance. You see it is much less difficult to imagine a spectre than a well-drawn character. The chevalier and Ursula were placed over two trap-doors; and, as you may have seen in a coal-pit, they served as a counterpoise each to the other, the one going down as the other ascended. I will not explain, circumstantially, all the methods with which we prepared the *parchment*, &c. &c. 'To one of your receiving enough is shown. I will merely enter on the leading circumstances. You are doubtless already convinced, that one of my assistants was under the coverlid, which caused you so much alarm. The hand which seized your's belonged to this gentleman, who having lately had an attack of the jaundice, offered himself for the purpose. Of course you guess the singer and player on the lute to be the lovely Ursula, on the other side of a thin partition: and the skeleton was ready prepared, by means of wires and strings, tied to the rags in which it was dressed, in order to be disencumbered, in an instant of its vestment, while other strings caused it to raise its arms, &c. The manner in which we shut you up and let you go again, was contrived, as 'usual on those occasions,' by doors so artificially constructed as to be imperceptible to the eye; and so well hung as to shut and open unknown to the ear. Our romance would have been nothing without robbers or smugglers, so our friends learnt their parts in the Monk, and the Mysteries of Udolpho. The history of the cavern requires no explanation; and the curious machine, to see which one of these gentlemen led you, was easily constructed, from the exact description given in the Tomb. In short, all you saw there was nothing more than is to be seen in all 'modern ruined' castles, excepting indeed the monk performing a good action; a circumstance as you yourself very justly observed, rather unusual. The catastrophe of the 'Monk' had so much astonished you, that we thought we could not choose a better model: we were indeed unable to decorate *our* devil with thunder, lightning, or sulphureous vapors; but we hoped for your indulgence.

(To be Concluded next week.)

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- |                       |               |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| 1, 2, Tomb.           | 3, Monk,      |
| 4, Sic. Rom.          | 5, Tomb,      |
| 6, Udolpho,           | 7, Gr. Abbey, |
| 8, Celestina,         | 9, Italian,   |
| 10, Hubert de Sevrac. |               |

## Sentimental.

[From the Ladies' (London) Literary Museum.]

## THE LETTERS OF FELIX.

## LETTER II.

The arguments which you have urged from your wife are excellent, my dear Alonzo; but they are not adapted for me: I have a strange heart, which must be indulged. What should I have done had I remained in Spain? After the first transport of that grief which stunned my very soul, I should have rushed into company, I should have flown into the arms of dissipation, and drowned with her voice the agonising cries of my wounded heart. Was it not wiser, then, as well as better, to seek amusement where only it could be temperately sought? Was it not wiser to fly from the horror of solitude in a great city, or the fearful dangers of its pleasures, to *that* solitude, which, while it leaves the soul free to complain, gradually soothes and consoles it. In town, I was always brooding over the death of my friend; in the country, I am perpetually reminded of his immortality.

Believe me, I have no longer alternate fits of gloom and fierceness, but have become calm, gentle, and resigned. A tender sadness, which purifies without torturing my heart, is now all the pain which Cesario's loss has occasioned me: then, why would you have me return? Why would you tell me, that in the savage grandeur of Switzerland I shall nurse my grief? Do not think so: every thing around me is interesting—every scene is elevating. I am insensibly drawn from myself to others, and can no longer say *Felix is miserable*.

You still urge me to make acquaintances. What have I to do with acquaintance? I have fled from the insipidity of Spanish splendor, and shall I search for awkward magnificence amidst these shades? No! no! The innocent Swiss girls, their brothers, their lovers, have a thousand times more charms for me. You would smile to see me familiarize myself amongst them: I join in their dances, I assist them in their rustic concerts, and I partake of their simple meals with as much ease as if I were born in one of the Cantons. The higher orders of people here look down upon me with contempt, and some of them have reported that I am deranged; but I laugh at all this. I am tasting a

luxury, delightful to such a mind as mine: I am seeing Nature in the garb of truth; I have found out that there can be as much good sense and humanity in a Swiss cottager as in a Spanish grandee. I suppose you will chide me for not having visited the family you were so intimate with here; indeed, I called with your letter, but they were gone to Zurich: they never come to this house till late in the season. I left the letter, however; and so they may send for me, if they wish it.

I am not very eager for the interview, I acknowledge; if they be like all the rest of the wealthy here, I shall not be much indebted to them. The account which you give of their daughter, amuses me: to be sure, these wild regions would engender romantic thoughts, so I pardon you. Adieu!

FELIX.

## Pathetic.

[ By our Letter-Box. ]

TO FREDERIC D—,

(In answer to his letter to Matilda, on the death of his Wife.)

[See No. 20. of this paper.]

The pathetic style of your last letter, my beloved brother, excited my sympathy, and called forth my grief. I lament the loss of the dear departed, for I am at once deprived both of sister and friend; but still more keenly do I regret the transformation which it seems to have produced upon a religious mind. Where, my dear Frederic, is that reliance upon the Almighty, of which you have so often made a boast? or what is become of that sense of religion which has hitherto taught you submission to his will?

'The life of man,' says Dr. Blair, whom we have often read together with improvement and delight, 'has always been a very mixed state; full of uncertainty and vicissitude; of anxieties and fears; and hence, to a thoughtful mind, no study can appear more important than how to be suitably prepared for the misfortunes of life.'

From these misfortunes, which humanity inherits, you, I am convinced, could not be exempt; and you, who have experienced such refinement of

felicity, ought to know that perfect happiness is but a transient gleam; but, deprived as you are of an inestimable treasure, which stoic apathy could not fail to regret, yet, does not Providence still pour down his blessings, and leave sources of enjoyment both in fortune and friends? Look round your domain, my beloved Frederic, and survey the effect of poverty and distress; see the wife bewailing the loss of her protector, on whom her infants and self depended for their bread; or see the husband bemoaning the object of his affection, whilst the cries of her offspring agonise his heart; and hear them loudly proclaiming the calls of hunger, whilst the earnings of his labor had been expended upon the sick! Scenes of this nature, my dearest brother, you have too frequently relieved not to know the satisfaction which such actions afford; and in contemplating the superior misfortunes of others, you will in time learn to be reconciled to your own.

The death of a beloved object is one of those evils which religion alone can alleviate and assuage; and on that soothing source of comfort and consolation, I trust, my dear Frederic will endeavor to depend. Reflect for a moment upon our friend M——'s misfortunes, who doted to distraction upon his too-fascinating wife, yet beheld her forfeit all claim to virtue and principle, and break thro' laws both moral and divine.

Can the death of those we love and esteem be an equal misfortune to their deviation from right? or is it not almost as severe a mortification to find neglect supply the place of tenderness and esteem?

Captain Sutherland, in his admired Tour to Constantinople, has entertained his readers with an effecting Sardinian tale, which at once proves the power of religion, and shows that few evils affect the mind equal to neglect. After describing his visit to a convent, and giving his opinion upon institutions of that kind, he tells us, that his attention was arrested by the youngest of the superiors; but I will give you her description in his own words.

'Lucilla appears scarcely thirty years of age; confinement has softened the color of her cheek, and composed the lustre of her eye: her features are perfectly regular, and her countenance is animated by the cheerful glow of benevolence and

virtue. With the gentleness of a saint, she possesses all the accomplishments of a woman of the world, and speaks a variety of languages, with a voice harmoniously sweet. Early in life she engaged herself to Fernando, a young nobleman, her equal in every respect: the hearts of this pair were already united, and the day was fixed for their nuptials to take place, when the sudden death of Fernando's father obliged him to pass over to the Continent, to pay the last duties of an affectionate son. Before his departure, he repeated those endearing vows of eternal constancy which both had given and received before; and each promised at every opportunity, to write.

MATILDA.

(Conclusion in our next.)



### WOMAN,

*Brought sin and death into the world;*

*But, Woman brought also a SAVIOR into the world!*

I will now speak on the behalf of Women, to take away their reproach. For as death and the curse came into the world by a woman, so did also life and death. 'God sent forth his Son made of a woman.' Yea, to shew how much those that came after, did abhor the act of the mother, this sex, in the Old Testament, coveted children, if haply, this or that woman might bear the Savior of the world. I will say again, that when the Savior was come, women rejoiced in him before either man or angel. I read not, that ever man did give unto Christ so much as one groat; but the women 'followed him and administered unto him of their substance.' It was a woman that washed his feet with her tears, and a woman that anointed his body to the burial. They were women that wept when he was going to the cross, and women that followed him from the cross, and sat by the sepulchre when he was interred. They were women that were first with him at his resurrection morn, and women that brought tidings first to his disciples that he was risen from the dead: Women therefore are highly favored, and are sharers with us in the grace of life.

BUNYAN.



**Philadelphia:**

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*Extract, as a Specimen of the Poetry:*

**" LOVE."**

"Pure and unsullied burns the flame of love,  
Bright and refulgent as the orb above;  
Mild as the beaming star of silent eve,  
And gentle as the sighs that ring-doves breathe:  
Such sacred heat from such celestial fire,  
Chastens each thought and checks all wild desire;  
Exalts the mind, ennobles every part,  
Endears each virtue, and refines the heart;  
Bids infant genius soar without controul,  
And binds to one dear maid the glowing soul."

**Apollonian Asylum.****MR. M'FARLAND.**

Who in Erin's dear lays  
Obtains so much praise,  
That St. Patrick has wove him a garland?  
Arrah now, can you tell?  
Och! I know him full well,  
Tis no other than Paddy M'Farland.

His wreath's not of roses,  
Or week-blooming posies;  
But of flowers as lasting as daily:  
From the heart that's most true  
To itself or to you;  
The heart of 'The sprig of Shillelah.'

There's his 'Kitty of Clyde,'  
Sticking close by his side,  
While 'The gale of Love' wafts him along;  
Of 'The Bosom's Commotion,'  
Philanthropy's potion,  
He'd make you in love—by his song.

There's the 'Girl of my Heart'—  
Och! how that does impart  
A spirit superior to whiskey:  
No song can remind us  
Of scenes left behind us,  
Like the song of 'In Ireland so frisky.'

**DEAREST ELLEN.**

When the rose-bud of summer its beauties bestowing,  
On winter's rude blasts all its sweetness shall pour,  
And the sun-shine of day in night's darkness be glowing,  
O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.  
I'll love you no more, &c.

When of hope, the last spark which thy smile loved to cherish,  
In my bosom shall die, and its splendor be o'er,  
And the pulse of that heart, which adores you, shall perish,  
O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.  
I'll love you no more, &c.

## WASHINGTON;

## OR, THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Night, blessed night, had gently spread,  
Her curtain round the soldier's head;  
When as the midnight hour begun,  
Appear'd the form of Washington.

I saw Columbia's savior rise,  
And markt th'expression of his eyes:  
I saw him wield a gleaming sword,  
And heard with joy the hero's word:

Soldier! be firm, intrepid, brave,  
And mem'ry shall your deeds engrave;  
Your cause is just, the just must sway,  
This says the KING whom I obey.

Where loudest wars the thunders sound,  
Where greatest shakes the bloody ground,  
Where execution most is done,  
Will be your former champion.

Soldier! be resolute in heart,  
Freedom and thee shall never part;  
Unsheathed let your sword remain  
To cut away your country's stain.

The sudden voice of bugle horn,  
Now introduced the blazing morn:  
But still the hero is with me,  
America and liberty.

## GIRL OF MY SOUL.

Oh! why should the girl of my soul be in tears,  
At a meeting of rapture like this?  
When the gloom of the past and the sorrow of  
Have been paid by a moment of bliss. [years,

Are they shed for that moment of blissful de-  
Which dwells on her memory yet; [light,  
Do they flow like the dew of the love-breathing  
From the warmth of the sun that has set? [night,

O, sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,  
That smile which is loveliest then!  
And if such are the drops that delight can be-  
Thou shalt weep them again and again. [guile,

## THE FEMALE CAPTAIN.

Sound the fife, beat the drum, to my standard re-  
All ye lads who will conquer or die; [pair,  
At request of my sex, as a captain I come,  
The men's courage and valor to try:  
Tis your rights and your country now call for  
your aid;

Tis the ladies command you to go;  
By me they announce it, and he who's afraid,  
Or refuses, our vengeance shall know.

Then first to the single these things I declare,  
So each maiden most firmly decrees;  
Not a kiss will be granted, by black, brown or fair,  
Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.  
To the married, if they but look glum, or say no,  
Should the en'my dare bluster or huff;  
We've determined, *nem. con.* that their foreheads  
shall show....

A word to the wise is enough.

These punishments we've in *terrorem* proclaim'd,  
But still, should your valor be slack;  
As our dernier resort, this resolve shall be nam'd,  
Which egad will soon make you all pack:  
We'll the breeches assume, pon my honor tis true,  
So determine maids, widows, and wives,  
First we'll march, beat the foe, then march back  
and beat you,  
Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

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